

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon of the Lazy Nine impulsively hires Ted Gaylor, a jobless pancher. He helps her fight Josh Hastings, a "friendly" neighbor who wants to get her ranch and marry Kay. Ted and Scrap Johnson, a cow-hand who molests Kay, shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings sneaks up and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. Arrested, Ted is tried for Scrap's murder, but Kay stops the trial by technical protest. Ted learns Hastings has kidnaped Kay, so he makes a daring dash for freedom and escapes the posse which is taking him back to Montana for a second trial.

Chapter 44

At The Ruined Smithy

TED dismounted at the first straggling hut and tied his horse to a sagging gate post. Then he stealthily picked his way toward the long low building that he judged must be the blacksmith shop that the two men he had overheard had referred to. He crept forward silently.

Suddenly he shrank back against the wall of the shack next to it, and held his breath as he watched a dark form detach itself from the black mass of the building and take a few steps into the road.

Ted discounted his first idea that it was Josh Hastings, as he studied the tall slender figure of the man, who now stood in a listening attitude, one hand at his hip. Deciding that it must undoubtedly be one of the two blackmailing villains he had overheard, Ted crouched for a spring.

In spite of his exhausting night ride, he still had a goodly measure of the pent-up energy of his week in jail. This new obstacle in the path of his rescue of Kay, far from discouraging him, brought a sudden wild exhilaration.

He sprang out and grabbed his unknown enemy about the neck, at the same time wrenching his hand away from his holster and twisting his arm cruelly as he tried to force him to the ground.

After the first second of surprise, and before Ted could down him, the man recovered his balance by a mighty heave of his shoulders that sent Ted staggering with him. They both reeled in a deadly embrace of straining and bulging muscles.

As the man made no outcry, Ted felt sure he was there for no good purpose, and struggled to regain the advantage he had had in the first moment of catching him off guard. But Ted was hampered as he did not dare release his right hand. This made it doubly hard to combat the wrestling tactics the man now adopted.

Back and forth they rocked, Ted still hanging on like grim death to the gun arm of his opponent, and the struggling for position to land a telling blow with his left hand.

Unable to make out anything in the darkness, he hit out blindly. To his own intense surprise his first thudded with sickening force against a jaw bone, and the next instant the man he had been struggling with slumped at his feet, unconscious.

Ted seized the stranger's bandanna and his own, and bound his wrists and ankles. Then he pulled his victim's gun out of his holster and moved swiftly toward the ruined smithy.

The Hidden Notebook

FOR what might have been minutes, or might have been hours after Josh Hastings left her, Kay lay on the smithy floor in a stupor of despair.

Long before her temporary physical paralysis lessened, her mind waked to painful realization of her situation, and to a flashing review of the succession of events leading up to it.

Through it all, ran the main theme of hurt bewilderment at Ted's behavior. Her own personal hopes had revived involuntarily at the statement that it had been a "red-headed girl" that Ted had fought for. Tom Runyon, whether deliberately or unknowingly, had put her on the wrong trail, and it had seemed for one glorious moment that all her wild jealousy had been unfounded.

But how explain Ted's curt refusal to see her, and the scornful way in which his eyes had passed her by at the trial?

In her semi-conscious state, Kay's fears, for the moment, were dulled, but her love for Ted surged through her, overcoming for the moment her pride and resentment of his attitude toward her.

Perhaps, after all, he was in love with that girl, Marion Howell. But somehow, as he had told his story, Kay had felt that that part of it was impersonal, and that gratitude for having saved him was the keynote of Ted's feeling for this black-haired stranger, who had so tortured her thoughts.

Her eyes, gradually growing accustomed to the darkness, peered around her prison, and a sudden terror sent her leaping to her feet. Stumbling over to the door, she beat frantically against it, crying

out until her throat was hoarse and parched. Kay took a mighty grip on her self control, and forced down her panic. She must think! Think! Nothing but her wits could save her!

A memory of Josh Hastings' words that he had shouted back through the door in his parting rage flashed over her. What had he meant by saying that "he had used this place once before?" Kay shivered at the thought of the sinister, gloating tone in which he had said that. And his threat to come back! How soon would he make that good?

Kay groped her way around the cellar, feeling the damp walls, from the rough rafters overhead, to the floor.

Even though all attempts to escape was futile, anything was better than inaction. Systematically starting at one end, she examined her prison, bit by bit. The only air, apparently, came from a grating in the ceiling, which gave into a darkened room above.

Her way around the second wall, she pulled away a piece of scrap iron that seemed to be sticking out of an angle of the wall in a peculiar fashion. It was much longer than she had expected, and she thrust it into the hole that it left in the wall as she drew it away, her fingers encountered a smooth object that made her exclaim and draw back in sudden terror.

She steeled herself to investigate, and put her hand in again. She drew out a smooth flat object, which turned out to be a small leather notebook. It might have been a diary or address book.

Exclaiming over her discovery, Kay held it close to her eyes and opened it, but strain as she would, she could make nothing out of the pages, which might, or might not have been merely blank.

Bread And Water

A RASPING of the key in the door startled her so that her hand dropped to the floor, and was temporarily forgotten as she rushed for the dim streak of light that showed for a minute, as something was thrust inside the door.

Before she could reach it, the door was slammed to without a word having been said, and the key turned again. On the floor, when Kay got over to the door, she found a canteen of water and a loaf of bread.

With a strangled cry of rage, she snatched up the bread and would have flung it down had she sober second thought stopped her.

If Josh Hastings really meant to carry out his dastard threat to starve her into submission, she needed every ounce of strength she could get. Deliberately she gulped down some of the bread with the aid of sips of water from the canteen, finishing as much as she could, then groped her way back to about where she had dropped the notebook. Feeling around on the floor, she finally found it, and snatched it in her pocket.

Then she settled down beside the old forge, leaned her head against it and determined to think her way out. But exhaustion mercifully overtook her, and she dropped into a restless sleep.

How long she slept, Kay never knew, but she was finally roused by thinking she heard footsteps overhead. A startled scream broke from her as her fevered imagination, stung to the highest pitch by the nightmares that had been torturing her sleep, pictured the bulky form of Josh Hastings about to descend on her.

In answer to her scream, the footsteps rushed across the floor above, and the next instant, she heard the key finally found it, and snatched it in her pocket.

Certain now that she was still dreaming, Kay struggled to answer, but her voice died in her throat. That was the way it was with nightmares, she thought, desperately. You always tried to call out, and couldn't!

"Kay! Kay!" Again Ted's voice called, with its hushed but peremptory note. "Where are you? Answer me!"

This time, Kay's dumbness gave way to the joyful realization that she wasn't dreaming and that, incredible as it seemed, Ted was actually there.

"Here!" she called. "In the cellar. The door is locked!"

"To hell with the door!" Another moment, and Ted was wrenching with an iron bar at the grating in the ceiling above Kay's head.

"Keep clear from below there!" he called, and Kay shrank back and wailed, her heart beating a wild tattoo, and her breath coming fast through her parted lips.

There was a splintering sound, as the wood at last gave way, and the iron grating was torn loose. The next instant, there was a splash, as of a body slipping through the opening, and a thud on the floor.

Kay stepped blindly forward and Ted's arms closed about her. (Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nevada)

Ted and Kay plan to get Josh Hastings as they escape from Clear Water, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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THE LATE SENATOR JOSEPH T. ROBINSON WAS SUCCESSIVELY U. S. REPRESENTATIVE, GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS AND U. S. SENATOR IN A PERIOD OF 14 DAYS! - JAN. 14-28, 1913 -

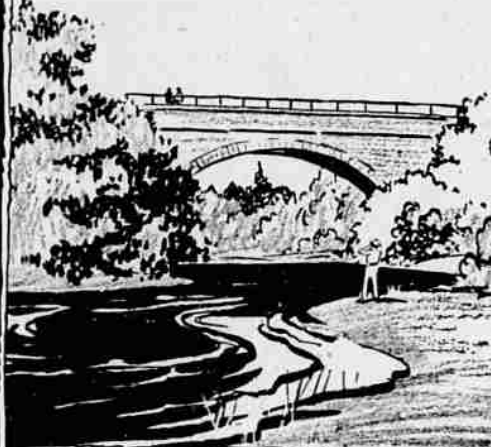
PERFUMED GRAPEFRUIT - DEVELOPED BY A CHINESE-AMERICAN, LUE GIM GONG - GIVES OFF ENOUGH AROMA TO FILL AN ENTIRE ROOM



GEORGE QUELICH, Reading (Pa.), Internationals, Got 15 HITS IN 15 CONSECUTIVE TIMES AT BAT! -1929-



ECHO BRIDGE - Newton, Mass. UNDER ITS ARCH THE HUMAN VOICE IS DISTINCTLY REPEATED 17 TIMES BY ECHOES



Elected U. S. representative from Arkansas in 1902, the late Joseph Taylor Robinson held the post continuously until January 14, 1913, when he resigned to become governor of his state, a position to which he had been elected in the preceding September. On January 28, just 14 days after he was inaugurated as governor, Robinson was selected to finish out the term of Jefferson Davis, a U. S. senator who died in office. From 1920 to the day of his death, July 14, 1937, Robinson was the leader of the Democratic party in the senate.

Only 12 when he came to America from China, Lue Gim Gong worked his way to Boston and obtained employment. Here he displayed such a high brand of intelligence in matters pertaining to plant raising, he was given opportunity to study, went to De Land, Florida, and took up his permanent residence there. His skill as a pomologist won him world renown.

Among his contributions to his adopted land's citrus industry is the Gim Gong grapefruit, a species that will withstand at least 10 degrees more cold than other varieties. One of the Chinese plant wizard's perfumed grapefruit, when fully matured, will throw off enough scent to fill an average sized room.

Starting the string of consecutive hits that eclipsed the old world's organized baseball record with a slug on August 9, 1929, George Quelich batted out nine more singles, one double and five home-runs before flying out on August 12, three days later. Between hits, Quelich received two walks which didn't constitute official time at bat.

Tomorrow: What great American marching song resulted from a head-ache?

He keeps his own belongings together—so they don't get entangled with anyone else's. And—he never burns cigarettes. He knows they are doubly valuable at camp—where there's no outside source of supply.

He doesn't know how to pitch horseshoes, he learns how. If he can't swim he goes in anyway—and sticks close to shore so as not to cause any undue anxiety. He arranges to bring his share of the food—and then quits worrying about it except at meal times.

He joins in the general fun at all times and under nearly all conditions. He knows they are doubly valuable at camp—where there's no outside source of supply.

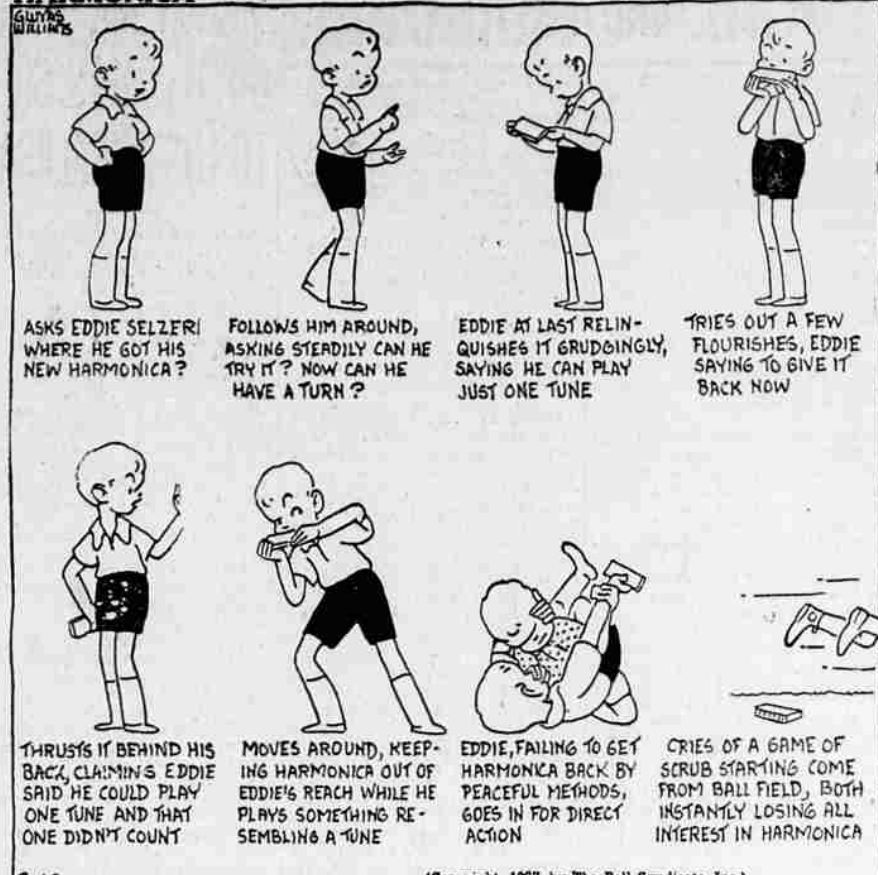
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CAPITOL COMMISSION WILL MEET MONDAY SALEM, Aug. 25.—(P)—The capitol reconstruction commission will meet in Portland Monday to consider the acquisition of property for the new \$1,000,000 state library building in Salem.

President Roosevelt removed the last barrier for construction of the building when he approved last week a \$450,000 federal grant. The building will be located across the street from the new \$2,500,000 capitol. Options for some of the property already have been obtained.

HARMONICA

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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8 MATTER POP

By O M PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has a Hunch!



2896

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Round One



THE NEBBS—Somewhere the Sun Is Shining

By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



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You're Almost Perfect If You're Good Camper

BY JOAN DURHAM (A. P. Feature Service Writer.)

A seasoned camper is as unmistakable as a sunburn.

He doesn't rely on anybody for anything.

He brings his own matches, his own shaving equipment, his own jackets and sweaters.

(If the seasoned camper is a she, she brings her own make-up, sun-tan lotion and bathing cap.)

He insists on taking his turn at preparing " grub" and cleaning up afterwards—and does not get under everybody else's skin in demand at camp as water. It's needed from the time the masculine population begins to abate in the morning until after the fires are put out at night.

So your seasoned camper is always willing to carry a painful or two or three.

Canoes and rowboats—especially the former—require a certain amount of care. So he is careful to lift his canoe ashore at night—and turn it over so the rain won't get in it. He also sees to it that paddles, back-rests, pillows and other equipment are put in their places.

He makes his bed the first thing in the morning—because he knows it will take just that much edge off the general wear and tear.

He is careful to put phonograph records in piles where they can't be sat on.

And he never leaves his bathing